

heere's that shall drue some of them to a non-come, on-
ly get the learned writer to set downe our excommuni-
cation, and meet me at the laile.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedicke,
Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be briefe; onely to the
plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their par-
ticular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Friar, you come to mar-
rie her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this
Count.

Hero. I doe.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment
why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your
soules to vter it.

Clau. Know you anie, Hero?

Hero. None my Lord.

Friar. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
men daily do!

Bene. How now! interdictions? why then, some be
of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Friar, father, by your leave,
Will you with free and vnconstrained soule

Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

Clau. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,

Giue not this rotten Orange to your friend,
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authoritie and shew of truth

Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,

To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sware
All you that see her, that she were a maide,

By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approned wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,
Haue vanquish't the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginities.

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
You will say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sinne: No Leonato,
I neuer temptred her with word too large,

But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,

As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,

Than Venus, or those pampred animals,
That rage in savage sensualitye.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake? for my part, I stand
I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,

To linke my deare friend to a common stale:
Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true:
Bene. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face Heroes? are our eyes our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daugh-
And by that fatherly and kindly power,

That you haue in her, bid her answer truly:
Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset?
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name:
Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name

With any iust reproach?

Clau. Marry that can Hero,
Hero it selfe can blot out Heroes vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,

My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,

Talkt with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a libell villaine,

Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,

There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vter them: thus pretty Lady

I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Clau. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bene
If halfe thy outward graces had bene placed

About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell

Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,

And on my eye-lids shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme;

And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Bast. Why how now cousin, wherefore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smoother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Bast. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why Hero? Vncle, Signor Benedicke, Friar.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame

That may be wish't for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now cousin Hero?

Friar. Haue comfort, Ladie.

Leon. Dost thou looke vp?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not euerie earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie

The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not thus Hero, do not open thine eyes:

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shame,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one

Child; for that at frugal Natures frame
One too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer wast thou louelic in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand

Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeer'd thus, and mix'd with infamie,

I might haue said, no part of it is mine:
This shame deriues it selfe from vnkowne loines,

But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,

That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Walewing of her, why she, O she is false

Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,

And salt too little, which may season giue
To her soule tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, fir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bea. O on my soule my cousin is belied.

Bene. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No truly: not although vnill last night,
I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirmd, confirmd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.

Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lou'd her for that speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so
long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by no-

ting of the Ladie, I haue mark't.

A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,

In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire

To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth: Call me a foole,

Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant

The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,

If this sweet Ladie lie not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error,

Leo. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,

A siene of periury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,

That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

Friar. Ladie, what man is he you accuse'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alieue

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy: O my Father,

Proue you that any man with me conuert,

At houres vnmeet

Maintain'd the cha

Refuse me, hate me

Fri. There is for

Ben. Two of the

And if their wisdon

The practise of it li

Whose spirits toile

Leo. I know not

These hands shall re

The proudest of the

Time hath not yet s

Nor age so eate vp n

Nor Fortune made

Nor my bad life ref

But they shall finde

Both strength of lim

Ability in meanes, a

To quit me of them

Fri. Pause awhile

And let my counsell

Your daughter heere

Let her awhile be fe

And publish it, that

Maintaine a mournin

And on your Familie

Hang mournfull Ep

That appertaine vnto

Leon. What shal

Fri. Marry this v

Change slander to

But not for that rea

But on this trauaile

She dying, as it must

Vpon the instant tha

Shal be lamented, p

Of euerie hearer: for

That what we haue,

Whiles we enjoy it;

Why then we racke

The vertue that poss

Whiles it was ours,

When he shal heare

Th Idea of her life

Into his study of ima

And euer louely Or

Shall come apparell'd

More mouing delica

Into the eye and prof

Then when she liu'd

If euer Loue had inte

And with he had not

No, though he thoug

Let this be so, and d

Wil fashion the euen

Then I can lay it dow

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As best befits her wo

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Out of all eyes, tong

Bene. Signior Leo

And though you kno

Is very much vnto th